

II      sweetly fall the wan moonlight?

Covered with gore the Huron chief  
Fought with his back against an oak  
While hand could deal the hatchet stroke.  
Well did that hoary brave maintain  
Renown achieved in many a fight  
His fall, encircled by the slain,  
To his thinned band was sign of flight;  
They scattered in bewildering fear  
As flec a broken herd of deer:  
Foes, that knew not the word 'forgive,'  
Followed each panting fugitive.  
The narrow cape debarred retreat;  
Some, near the shore, to earth were beat:  
Others swam out into the lake,  
But Indian cunning marked their wake:  
Like others plunged they down in vain;  
The bubbling surface caught a stain,  
Unerring witness to the kill  
Of marksmen trained such game to kill.  
Through golden portals looked the sun  
On fragments of a battle won;  
The blue-lipped wave stole up the beach,  
Its red polluted sand to bleach;  
Breathing a low and whispered moan,  
A sad, mysterious under-tone,  
As if her bower a heart and sighed  
For those who in that strife had died.  
Thrice happy re-united pair!  
Why paint the locked embrace of love?  
Enough that from entangling snare  
Flew to her mate a sinless dove;  
While by his own black net-world bound  
The wily fowler bit the ground.

— August 17, 1844

Mr. Editor: We deem it a duty we owe to the public to have before them some account of the recent wonderful series in Scholarie county, and in doing so, we wish to distinctly understand that the story is no less true than the life. We say this lest the absence of scientific terms and technical details should lead the sage and wise to suspect the existence of a stupendous misfit—their great and great discord upon the unimpeachable verities of our correspondents; who, in sooth to say, are plain men much learned in the world's ways."

Without wishing to have it supposed for an instant that we are incapable of giving a scientific description, we give to our humane desire of sparing our readers a great trouble ourselves much trouble, will account for the seemingly obscure above mentioned. Neither are we fond of giving our 'schooling' in so conspicuous a place as the pages of a public newspaper.

We are, sir, your very obedient servants,  
 In the vulgar—"smell a rat."—Dev. F. G. S. E. G. S.

We are pedestrians, my friend and myself, for sundry reasons, among which economy is the most inconsiderable, and not a cave or high rock-walled valley, within a day's walk of our abode, but we have visited. We are lovers of order in all her varied forms, the grand and terrible as well as the beautiful. It will be a matter of course, therefore, that a vague and uncertain rumor of the discovery of a new and extensive cave in the county of Scholarie, which reached us one early morning a few days since, was worthy of our intelligence. There was nothing positive in the case—this rumor like all others might be true or might not, and we could devise no method of finding the point, unless by an expedition into the region where rumor had placed it. Accordingly, in less than an hour afterwards we were equipped, and *en route*, "all a foot" for Scholarie. It was about 10 o'clock, A. M. on the morning of the 13th inst. that we turned out upon our goodly burgh. Right merrily did we measure off the ground over the sandy plains of our city, and before the sun was at high noon we were in the flourishing village of Scholarie, where, under ample justice to the excellent that followed our order. Dinner over, we began on our "winding way" through the fertile country, and before 4 o'clock we had at the junction of the Scholarie and great northern turnpike on the summit of the classic Scholarie. Here we pause for a few minutes, as every traveler has done before us, upon one of the most gorgeous prospects that have ever been our lot, in the course of a progressive journeying, to witness. The Catskills to the South, the Berkshire hills supported by the Green Mountains, in the background, in the East the highlands of Lake George and Champlain to the North, alone bounded our vision. Before us was a vast and diversified valley, more extensive than many European kingdoms and embracing besides three flourishing cities, including the capital of the Empire State, many enterprising villages of immense wealth. The Mohawk, and the Catskill Schenectady, with the white walls of its University seemed almost at our feet; and while the eye seemed over the broad expanse, almost wearied in the vastness of the view, a large cloud slowly majestically moved before the sun and shrouded the light in part, and while the hills in the background were glowing in its ruddy blaze, the foreground was mantled with the rich broad shadows representing a picture which can never be surpassed, which will ever be remembered with feeling and pleasure.

Two hours walk through a diversified country brought us to the neat village of Quaker Street, miles from Albany, and supper was ordered at the Temperance house of John Sheldon—Mr. Sheldon call him, for John is a Quaker, and in respect for the empty and unmeaning titles of a custom-enslaved world. Thus far we had happily failed of procuring the least information respecting the object of our expedition, and at divers times exchanged sundry significant remarks, all of which seemed wonderfully to agree as that the knight of La Mancha would probably find rivals even in these degenerate days, in the new Cave story was *gammom*. However, we received some encouragement in the form of *hear-say*, and learned that if, if, if, there was a cave, it must be at least ten miles long. Nothing daunted, we determined to "go" at all events, but after discussing John's suggestion a reconsideration was moved, and a new resolution unanimously adopted, viz: to proceed direct to Ball's or the *old* cave, distant about five miles, and then go on in quest of the *new* one. Shaken by John's hand, in whom by the way we had recognized a friend of his childhood, we proceeded as fast as a brisk walk could carry us in the direction of Ball's Cave. As much from our mischievous desire to note the answers of the inhabitants as to gain information, we inquired nearly every person we met, the locality, dimensions, appearance, &c. of the cavern in their vicinity. Strange as it may appear we found persons who had been there, and he wouldn't have dared again, not he." Another individual to had "been by a thousand times" and never entered, looked hard, very hard at us when we informed him we were cave-hunting, and then informed him we could find to their imagination. And when to his half doubting inquiry whether we "really meant to go into the cave" we answered "yes," he said "well, I'll go with you."

"yes," he clapped heels to his horse, in a twinkling, evidently determined to have no further communication with persons of such a stamp as ourselves.

A rough walk over Ball's Mountain, and half an hour's floundering in the darkness through swails and over fences and pasture-land, we at last brought up at a log hut somewhere, we supposed, in the vicinity of the Cave. Here, however, we learned that Mr. Wilbur, the person who acted as guide, lived *still farther* on through the fields, and also the comfortable and agreeable information that he, with his family, were in all probability absent from home. "Pleasant, truly," growled my friend, who by this time did not relish the idea of retracing our steps, and in whose brain visions of beds and repose were flitting with all the temptings that a long walk of thirty miles would be apt to induce. "Push ahead, keep moving," was our motto, and we pressed onward over brake and briar in the direction of Mr. W.'s house. On arriving, the sudden light which streamed from the window raised our spirits from zero to their natural level, and in less than fifteen minutes all preliminaries were arranged, and we were stretched on as comfortable a bed in as neat a log cabin as the country affords. Old Sonnets was "on hand," and hurried us off into the land of dreams before we had time to reflect upon our rather novel situation. The early dawn found us up and stirring, and after doing ample justice to the really excellent meal our kind hostess had provided, we set out, with our guide and accoutrements, for the cavern. A brisk walk of fifteen minutes brought us to a large wood, in which, on the extreme summit of Ball's Mountain, this cavern is located. Here we were first apprised of the fact that during the fifteen or twenty years this Cave has been known, candles and small torches of pine wood had alone been used by the visitors. How people can submit to use the latter miserable smoke-generator is not easy to conceive, especially when white birch is as plentiful as it is here. Our guide himself knew nothing of its use, and we were compelled to make torches from them ourselves. The opening to the Cave is nearly circular and about eight feet across, presenting to the eye the appearance of a large, unfathomable well. Having deposited hats, &c. and bound our handkerchiefs around our heads, we lighted our candles and commenced our descent by a ladder placed there for the purpose. The ladder is 70 feet in length and rests upon a shelf of the rock. Thus far the descent is perpendicular, but from this narrow shelf to the depth of 150 feet farther, the descent varies somewhat from the perpendicular. Clinging alternately to the rocks and trunks of trees, which have been thrown in to facilitate the descent, we at length reached the bottom of the entrance. This is over two hundred feet below the surface, and here daylight never reaches. A few steps farther brought us to a little stream, which we followed some distance to the lake in which it empties. Here we found a small boat firmly chained to the rock. After unloosing it we entered with our guide, seating ourselves upon the bottom, to steady the boat and guard our heads from the roof. It required no great effort of the imagination to conceive ourselves in old Pluto's domain, and our guide, alternately paddling with his hands and pushing forward against the rocks that arched us in, a few feet above the level of the water, formed a pretty good representative, in appearance, to the ferryman of the Styx. The passage over this lake is narrow, and beautifully and regularly arched over head, with a cornice running parallel on either side. The lake is about ten or twelve rods in length; and having passed it and secured our boat in safety—for without it we should never have been able to return—we scrambled upward and onward for a considerable distance to the *'big room.'* This is, perhaps, eighty or a hundred feet long, forty wide, and rising in some places to the height of forty feet. With ordinary lights it presents the appearance of a stupendous cellar, but when we lighted our torches the scene was really magnificent, and the myriad of water drops pendent on the roof and sides seemed like burning gems. Our guide, though he had visited it so often, declared "he had never seen it before," and was in perfect raptures with a scene so novel. Formerly there were many stalactites dependent from the roof, but they have long since been carried off. There is still in one corner a large stalagmite of pure, white carbonate of lime, weighing probably many tons, from which we procured several beautiful specimens.

Having examined the winding branches from this room to their extent, we proposed to retrace our steps. Having used candles alone in our entrance, we now took our torches, still burning, and commenced our return. By the light of these we discovered that there were many pointed fissures in the rock extended to a great height, presenting an appearance that alone would amply repay a visit. In recrossing the lake we witnessed a feature before unnoticed. The water is of the utmost purity, and by the clear strong light of our torches we could perceive the sides of the rocks, down, down till the brain reeled, and still beyond a black abyss, which is fathomless. This is certainly one of the grandest, and at the same time one of the most terrible sights that can be imagined. In a frail boat bound round by rocks, with such a gulf beneath, man cannot but feel, if not overpowering fear, at least breathless awe.

When we had recrossed the lake and arrived to where we could see the faint light of day up, up, up, our guide again assured us that we were the only visitors who had "seen Ball's Cave as it ought to be seen." We were not long in reaching the surface, when the heat of the atmosphere almost overpowered us; but a few moments rest restored us to our natural temperature, and arranging our dress, we started through the woods in the direction of the new Cave, about eight miles distant.

Our whetted curiosity could brook no delay, and in less than two hours time we found ourselves at the "Mineral Hotel," kept by Mr. Howe, the discoverer of the new Cave. Mr. Howe's hotel is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Cobleskill Creek, about two miles from its junction with the Schoharie River, near Central Bridge, and is within fifteen minutes walk of the Cave, which now bears the name of its discoverer. Mr. H. is an enthusiast in such matters, and we found many beautiful specimens of formations from the Cave, arranged on shelves around his bar-room—a sight of which is alone worth a ten days' voyage.

and intelligent, that he becomes a companion instead of a mere *go-before*. Having refreshed the physical man, each one was provided with a lamp, box of matches and a flask of oil, to guard against contingencies, and we set out for the only rival which the State affords to the great Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. After crossing the Cobleskill and ascending the public road to some distance to the northward, we diverged to the left and proceeded along a ledge of lime-stone rocks till we came to a ravine or rather gully, in which is the entrance to the Cave.

It may be well before going any farther, to give some account of the discovery of this Cavern.— Since the early settlement of this part of the country, it has been known to the inhabitants of the vicinity, that there was a spot somewhere along the ledge of rocks on the side of the mountain north of the stream, from which issued a strong current of cold air—so strong indeed that in summer it chilled the hunter as he passed near it. It was familiarly called the “*blowing rock*,” and no person ever ventured to remove the underbrush and rubbish that obscured the entrance, lest probably some hobgoblin or wild beast should pounce upon him as legal prey. Mr. Howe, who has recently removed into the neighborhood, accidentally heard some intimation of its existence in May last, and with commendable curiosity immediately determined to visit it, and set out alone without delay for that purpose. He found the fact as stated, and upon removing the underbrush he discovered a spring, some four feet square, from which proceeded a current of cold air, plainly to be felt at the distance of several rods. Satisfied that there was a Cave of some extent, he returned next day with a friend and entered it by the aid of lights to a great depth. He renewed his visits from time to time, proceeding a little farther each time, until about the 15th ult., when, after penetrating to the distance of a mile, his passage was interrupted by a lake of water. Since then he has transported materials, erected a boat, crossed the water, and explored the Cave to the extent of five miles by measurement, and the end is not yet. How much farther it extends is unknown.

With this outline of the journey before them, our readers will be prepared to follow us in our subterranean tour. Having encased ourselves in another suit of garments (which bore suspicious testimony as to the cleanliness of the place before us) over our own, and provided ourselves, as in the former instance, with birch-bark torches, we were ready to enter. But such a grotesque group as we presented! I would describe it, but it baffles all description. Every one enjoyed a hearty laugh at the expense of his fellows; and, after shaking hands with the timid, accompanied by Mr. Howe and a number of his neighbors, we led the way. The opening is very different from that at Ball's Cave, and instead of descending perpendicularly into the earth at the top of a mountain, we entered at the side in a nearly straight course, with a gentle descent, for above a furlong. From thence there is every variety of describable and indescribable. A short distance from its mouth the cavern widens to about fifty feet, but does not increase in height. The roof appears to be the perfect segment of a large circle, and is smooth and even.

It is impossible to stand erect, and partially doubted, with a kind of shuffling walk we managed to proceed pretty rapidly for nearly a quarter of a mile, when the roof suddenly and abruptly rises to a great height, and we were in the first room or *chapel*. It is a large oblong apartment about the size of the big-room at Ball's Cave, and though not to be compared, in point of size or magnificence with many others beyond, it is still worthy of a description and a visit. It is called the chapel from a beautiful stalactite or rather combination of stalactites, which, falling over a projecting rock at one extremity of the room, bear a pretty correct resemblance to an altar with its fringe and drapery. Immediately above the altar is a conical opening in the roof, twenty or thirty feet across at the base, and of such immense height that, with the strong light of several torches, we were unable to discover the top. Openings similar to this are frequent, and were called by Mr. H. belfries, and in this instance the term was not misapplied. Dependunt from the edge of the belfry were innumerable stalactites, which strongly reminded us of the fantastic ornaments of the ancient Gothic order of architecture. Besides the large mass of stalactites forming the altar, there was another, which, from its perfect resemblance, we called the *epaulette*. Such an epaulette, however, would crush the sons of Anak, or the giants Gog and Magog. This room and a smaller one immediately adjoining, are comparatively easy of access, and may be visited by the other sex. Those married ladies alone who are qualified by an unlimited stay at home to wear the—I mean to usurp the masculine insignia of dominion, are the only ones for whom it would be proper or advisable to proceed further for the present, or at least until some of the windy passages shall be cleared out, whereby to avoid the passage of what is called the “*gallery*,” a name which we thought altogether too dignified for a low, narrow, interminable hole of several hundred rods in length.

Here in this passage, (this gallery!) we managed to walk a little way erect. Soon, however, the solid roof gave us no very gentle intimation to “stop and go safe,” and, despite of all our contractions from five feet to four, and from four to three, we were compelled to come down to a level with the brute, on hands and knees, and at last to wriggle ourselves along as best we might after the manner of the tempter of our common mother Eve. But here was a new obstacle: the draft of air through this wet narrow passage was so strong that it was with the utmost difficulty, by pulling up the wicks of our lamps, that we were able to keep our lights from being extinguished. But no one anticipated any danger, and even when the cry “my light is out!” burst from some one of the party, it was received by the rest with a roar of laughter, that would have done credit to a bacchanalian party of reckless devils, instead of half a score of poor mouldering benighted groping about three-quarters of a mile under ground. Once in the gallery, and there is no such thing as turning back; “neek or nothing” must be the motto. Finally we succeeded in reaching the end, and stopped to rest in the *dressing room*—a room similar to the one first described, and, by the way, not inaptly named. Each one had lost either an arm or a tail,—of his coat, I mean—and all needed a re-adjustment. We stopped to redit, in confident security from intrusion on our privacy. Beyond this, the path is comparatively easy, and for a quarter of a mile, to the edge of the lake, we were able to walk erect, over high fragments that had fallen from the roof; now stopping to admire some beautiful formation, and anon gazing upwards in vain endeavor to discover the tops of the massy *belfries* and clefts that opened above us. The lake is not broad, and beyond it the passage is still larger than before, presenting the appearance of a long and spacious hall, occasionally widening into large rooms. Besides this, there are innumerable side passages of great extent, a few of which have

they journeyed off in various directions; but of the majority which have been entered there has been no end discovered, and they will furnish an ample field for the curious. About half a mile further there is a large room called the Cotton Factory. A stream of considerable size runs along here, and the roar of a much larger one, about half a mile distant, in one of the side passages, is distinctly heard, like a continued and incessant peal of thunder. The reverberations through these apartments are truly grand, and the murmur of one stream, and the thunder of the other, so impressed the whole party that we moved onward in silent awe.

The remaining passage for a great distance is along the smaller stream, (the course of the other is unexplored,) and abounds in curiosities; innumerable stalactites and stalagmites, some of the latter of such dimensions as would wholly obstruct the passage, and render it difficult to clamber over them. Some of the stalactites are many feet in length, extending from the roof to the floor, resembling columns, fluted and admirably polished. Most of these formations, however, are beyond reach, but some of the larger ones come down within a few feet of the ground. When struck these give a clear, silvery, musical sound, and a good singer by regulating his strokes with regard to place and force, could accompany himself most admirably—far better than with all the complicated artificial instruments the world ever produced.

It would be utterly impossible to enumerate the rooms or their dimensions, or even to give the shadow of an idea of the really solemn magnificence of these subterranean chambers. It may truly be said, "night and day are *here* unknown," and "the rising of the sun is not marked." Every step throughout the whole extent as far as explored, served to give the visitor more extended ideas of the mysteries and wonders of nature, and to impress his mind with a more adequate sense of his own littleness.

So rapidly had time passed, that we were hardly aware of its passage, and it was nearly sun-down by our time-piece, before we turned back. The absolute necessity of our return to Albany by the next morning's stages, whose nearest route was ten miles distant, alone prevented our further progress. We returned by the same route we came through the "*GALLERY*," and giving a last look at the altar in the "Church not made with hands"—and opening into this wonderful arcaea, as if to warn all intruders to first become pure before passing its sacred precincts, we in a short time emerged into the open air. Here we experienced the same sensation as at our exit from Ball's Cave, an almost insufferable sultriness. No bad effects need be feared from a visit to this cave, which though wet and damp is thoroughly ventilated by a current of air coming from—where? The nitre too in which this cave abounds, and with which the earth, as well as the water, is thoroughly impregnated, is conducive to health, and of great benefit to those predisposed to consumption. We certainly experienced no ill effect from our visit, on the contrary felt much invigorated, after the momentary fatigue above mentioned had passed.

We cannot conclude without bearing testimony to the extreme kindness of Mr. Howe, and giving a word of advice to all who anticipate making a visit to this wonderful cavern: Provide yourselves with an old suit of some kind, *complete*, before you leave home, and even then, though you may put on one of Mr. H.'s 'court dresses' over that, you will find a bath necessary on your return. However, it is not far to the creek. We say this much because we—but no matter.

With this hurried and imperfect account, I remain, dear sir, yours truly,

E. GEORGE SQUIER.

P. S. I had almost forgotten to state that the cave must have been known before the country was settled by the whites, from the fact that human bones, as well as pieces of charcoal, incrustured with a solid coating of carbonate of lime of two or three inches in thickness, have been found at the distance of more than a mile from the entrance. It is impossible to give in this short account an enumeration of the many curiosities within the cave, much less to speculate on any theory respecting its origin. That the action of water has done much in opening this extraordinary cavern cannot be doubted, but the stupendous masses of rock that have fallen from the roof, as well as many other circumstances, render it equally certain that some powerful and tremendous convulsion must have rendered the solid rock in the first place. The geologist will have ample room for speculation.

E. G. S.

**BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA.** Manufactured and sold by the Proprietor, C. C. BRISTOL, number 307 Main-street, Buffalo, N. Y., and also sold by the following Druggists throughout the Union.

This preparation has now been before the public about seven years, during which time its reputation has been steadily and rapidly advancing, until its present and deserved celebrity has been attained; nor is it stationary at even this altitude of estimation, as the evidence of each succeeding day clearly evinces. Many of the first physicians in the Country have voluntarily borne witness to its superior efficacy of value, as their written certificates and the numerous testimonials will show. These testimonials are most innumerable, from persons who have been benefited by its use, or have seen its medicinal virtues tested by their friends, are also in the possession of Mr Bristol, which prove how many, how various, and how extreme have been the instances in which, by its operation, the sick and the almost hopeless have been cured, and the afflicted brought to health.

BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA is a rare and invaluable combination of vegetable remedies of established medical value, and from its peculiar properties is almost infallible in all complaints that arise from impurities of the blood, from the morbid action of the absorbent and glandular system, from constitutional idiosyncrasies, hereditary disposition, and in general all chronic and long standing infirmities and irregularities of the system will show its efficacy.

It is a medicine in which it has been found to be a sovereign remedy would be to make this notice much too lengthy, and we can only here suggest to the reader the value and importance of this preparation, and refer him to advertisements in the public papers for more detailed intelligence respecting its efficacy; in nearly all cases of complaint except those of the most ordinary, or endemic and epidemic character. The proprietor desires only to have attention generally directed to this article, confident that its rare virtues will only need to be known to be appreciated; that it will stand the test of time, and that it will increase in usefulness, and added popularity, must be the direct result of its more extended acquaintance.

OPINIONS FROM MEDICAL GENTLEMEN:

Buffalo, Aug. 12, 1857.

We are acquainted with the preparation of SARSAPARILLA, and are convinced by C. C. BRISTOL'S preparation of its more or less in our practice, believe it to contain the active principle of SARSAPARILLA, in a highly concentrated form, and as a preparation we esteem it as one of the best we have.

J. TROWBRIDGE, M. D.  
CHARLES WINNE, M. D.  
J. M. JONES, M. D.  
E. F. HAWLEY, M. D.  
A. MILLER, M. D.

GYRENS CHAPIN, M. D.  
MOSES BRISTOL, M. D.  
J. H. HARRIS, M. D.  
F. I. SPRAGUE, M. D.

H. R. SARGENT, M. D.

From Doctors Wells & Cheney, resident Physicians at Canandaigua, Canandaigua, Dec. 27, 1852.

We have frequently prescribed Mr. C. C. Bristol's preparation of SARSAPARILLA in our practice, and have always found it to be a valuable remedy, and that it increased in popularity was applicable. Our knowledge of the article has not been limited, and we can freely say that is the best preparation of SARSAPARILLA we have ever used.

RICH'D WELLS, M. D.  
E. W. CHENEY, M. D.

The following extract of a letter from Dr. J. A. Hyde, one of the oldest, and most respectable practitioners in the western part of the State, is published in the Buffalo, Aug. 14, 1857.

Mr. C. C. Bristol—Dear Sir: I am nearly out of SARSAPARILLA again, and if you please, you may send me two dozen more. I have been directed to me at this place that I have frequently prescribed your SARSAPARILLA, and I have found it to be a valuable remedy in chronic diseases, especially in Scrofula and debility, cutaneous eruptions, and in chronic general and obstinate catarrhs of the bladder, and in chronic general and obstinate catarrhs of the bladder, and in chronic general and obstinate catarrhs of the bladder. I have frequently prescribed your SARSAPARILLA, and I have found it to be a valuable remedy in chronic diseases, especially in Scrofula and debility, cutaneous eruptions, and in chronic general and obstinate catarrhs of the bladder, and in chronic general and obstinate catarrhs of the bladder.

With much respect, yours,

From Doctors Hoyt & May, Palmyra, July 2, 1841.

Mr. C. C. Bristol—Sir: We have used your Extract of SARSAPARILLA in our practice, and for diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, and as a general renovator of the system. We esteem it as the best article of the kind.

W. D. HOYT, M. D.  
D. MAY, M. D.

From Dr. A. Miller, Buffalo, Aug. 14, 1857.

I am acquainted with the preparation of SARSAPARILLA manufactured by C. C. Bristol, of Buffalo, and having made it in my practice, believe it to contain the active principle of SARSAPARILLA, in a highly concentrated form, and as a preparation I esteem it as one of the best we have.

A. MILLER, M. D.

From Dr. S. C. Noyes, Colfax, Erie Co., July 5, 1851.

I have been acquainted with Dr. C. C. Bristol's SARSAPARILLA for many years, and have frequently prescribed it in my practice, and have invariably found it to answer the end

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